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THE BALLARD MURDER.

Judge Gardiner States the Case for the Defense, and the Taking of Testimony Begins.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal SHOALS, Ind., Sept. 8 .- The State having copcluded its evidence in the Baliard case, all of which has been heretofore given as briefly as possible, the defense proceeded to give its testimony, and recalled Albert Quackenbush, whose confession to the grand jury and others implicated him in the crime of the murder of Jackon Ballard, a Union soldier. Some very pointed questions were put to him, and at times he was not a little confused, but he answered each question quite promptly.

He knew Wm. Spooner, a farmer living in Lost River township, and had no recollection of a conversation with him about this case, and no recollection of having said to him that he wanted all the balance to come clear except Wm. Stanfield, because he was afraid of him. He denied having said to Jonathan Emmons he had forgotten all about the killing of Ballard; neither did he say to James Archer that he had forgotten all about the murder of Ballard. He confessed to having a conversation with him last June. Archer asked him where he saw Archer that eventful night, but did not say that he saw bim any place. It was, in fact, at the old house where they had their rendezvous. He very positively denied that he bad said he would do anything to get away with Wm. Stan-

Judge W. R. Gardiner made a clear and forcible statement for the defense, and probably made as favorable an impression on the jury as was possible in the case. He personally represented James and Archer, but on the part of the united counsel he stated the main features of defense for all the defendants. He said it was their purpose to prove an alibi in each and every case, and to do that would be the chief burden of their labors before the jury. He declared that the defendants knew nothing of the murder of Ballard until they saw his mutilated corpse. "When a man knows nothing about it," said Mr. Gardiner., "an alibi is the only defense he has, and it is the best defense in the world, in fact the only way to meet the charge. The defense of these men is just that and nothing more. Mr. Quackenbush tells you a story we shall contradict, and we shall call upon you to look at him, his manner, the bargain he has made. Look at his hair, his neck, his flippant and laughing manner. We shall do this that the people may testify that he is a coloseal liar. We will prove that at the time poor Ballard was killed there was a man in that neighborhood by the name of Allen Anderson, a man who had married a sister of Albert Quackenbush. Anderson must have known that Ballard was back there to arrest him and separate him from his wife. The testimony of the son of Ballard that there were barricades in two places proves our theory. Anderson went away and was never seen again in that neighborhood but by one man, the next day, since that awful day. The sister

of Quackenbush went away with Anderson. They never came back. Quackenbush heard from him, and heard that he left the day before the assassination, or the day after that. Quackenbush said that he stopped at his mother's to get Anderson; but he was not there. It was a part of his scheme to get his wife on the road so he could get back from French Lick Springs to shoot Ballard down before he left for Canada. Albert Quackenbush and his brother Ziba have been before the grand jury before this and never told of this crime. Now they come before this court to testify to help carry out this bargain to save their necks atd shield them from their dastardly crime." At this point Judge Gardiner read the affidavit of those before the grand jury in an eloquent and impressive manner. Part of the defense will be that one mony had been before the grand twice and had taken this same oath. The several crimes in Lost River township have led Albert Quackenbush, through fear his crime would come out, to do what he has done. It has led him to talk to William Stanfield about it, But never in all these twenty-four years has he opened his lips to Jones, or Archer, or Stone. His cowardly soul had never prompted him to go to them. He fixed on these men, and particularly Stanfield, because he was afraid of him, to save his own neck. He confesses that he did not want Stanfield to escape. He has forgotten the names of those who took part with him in this bloody crime, and does not know whether they are living or dead. On that night Archer was at his home in Orange county, five or six miles away. His wife is dead, but his son will testify that he was at home all that Others will testify to the thing. It will not be from the mouths of professed perjurers and murderers. Gardner said Jones was an honest man, and he and his wife will testify they could not have gone from home that night without those persons knowing it. Witnesses will testify where Rev. Stone was that pight, and show the terror all felt from an armed body of soldiers in their community. Dr. Stone was preaching peace and good will to all men instead of blood and murder. This has already been proved. Wm. Stanfield went to hisifather's and stayed all night after these soldiers left him at his home. Jared C. Stone, brother of John Stone, was called as a witness for the defense. He said in substance: In March, 1864, lived in Lost River township, one-half mile from David Emmens's. John Stone lived near same distance. Was at David Emmons's night of murder at preaching by John Stone, Christian minister, after meeting three men armed and in uniforms. He had gone to David Emmons's that morning to a house-raising, and stayed for meet-

had a rifle and revolver. James K. Emmons said he was at the meeting at Emmons's; Stone preached; he and Stone slept there all night; after meeting three soldiers came there; he was thirteen years old at the time; saw Stone get up about daylight next morning; he slept in same room with witness; Stone started home from there, and came back for breakfast; he was not gone long; he came back and worked at witness's uncle's: heard of Ballard's murder in the forenoon; Stone was sawing stave timber; soldiers came that night; saw no guns but the gus of the soldiers; while soldiers were at the cupboard eating Stone fled barefooted, as he could not find his boots.

ing that pight. Did not see Jones, Stanfield or

Archer that day. Heard next morning that

hallooing and crying at Ballard's, and went

down and found that Ballard had been killed.

Soldiers came that night and arrested his

father. Did not see Albert Quackenbush or

Dr. Stone the day of the murder. The latter's

wife was in Harrison county. Did not see Geo. Stringer. Shields, Jones or Stanfield at David

Emmons's, Saw Allen Anderson day before

the murder at David Emmons's, and when asked

whether he was not afraid of being arrested for

staying away so long said he was not afraid. He

mons's night before the murder; Stone preached there that night; only a small crowd, and they eat on chairs and plauks; staid there all night,

George T. Emmons said he staid at David Em-

and Stone was in bed when he got up; he was there at breakfast; Stone went home after breakfast, about half a mile away, and came back after one-half hour, at sun-up; he went home for his medicine case: witness did not recollect seeing Albert Quackenbush; saw Anderson that day; did not recollect whether Stone had a

Jonathan B. Emmons, son of David Emmons now dead, did not know Ballard; his father died fifteen years ago; Stone was at his father's night after murder; soldiers tried to take him, but he got away; he preached his father's funeral.

belt and revolver or not.

Phillip C. Emmons said he married a sister of John W. Stone, the preacher; did not know Bailard; Stone led a little singing after the meeting at his father's; Stone staid there all night; Stone was at breakfast: did not know that he had been away before the morning meal; that night about seven soldiers came and arrested Stone, but he got away: only father's gun there and it was over door; did not know that Quackenbush had any arms the day of the house-raising: Stone left neighborhood after soldiers got

Cynthia A. Emmons was at church at David Emmons's the night before the murder; had singing after the murder; saw the three soldiers that came there; Anderson was there about dinner time with a gun; did not recollect how by was dressed; Stone pulled his shoes off before the

This was as far as the defense got with the evidence, when Judge D. J. Hefron announced that court would stand adjourned till Monday next on account of his illness. On the first session of court again the defense will take up the thread of their evidence and hear the testimony of the many witnesses yet to examine. The jury was placed in the charge of a bailiff. One of the jurors was permitted to go home on account of the death of his father, but he was accompanied by a bailiff.

The trial is exciting great interest and the people are turning out everywhere to attend the

HARRISON'S LETTER.

Ex-Governor Foster Says It Will Be Short and to the Point.

New York Mail and Express Ex-Governor Foster, of Ohio, fresh from his outing with General Harrison at Middle Bass island, arrived at the Fifth-avenue Hotel to-day. He smiled when a reporter asked him if he had a draft of General Harrison's letter of acceptance in his pocket, and answered that he had denied the absurd and unfounded story long

"But General Harrison has already written his letter of acceptance, has he not!" "He was busy during part of his stay on Middle Bass island writing his letter of acceptance. Up to that time I do not think he had written anything, but his delay was not caused from a desire to wait until President Cleveland had published his letter of acceptance. Naturally be expected the President to write his letter first, because he was nominated some weeks previous. But he is not waiting for any special time to publish his letter. I cannot say when it will be given to the public, because I do not know, but my impression is that in a very short time he will have it

ready for publication." "Will the letter be very long?" "No, I do not think it will. You see, Gen. Harrison has the spiendid gift of condensation, and I think the letter will be rather short, but clear, concise, unequivocal and to the point. The Republicans will certainly be pleased with it, I imagine. He has a clear way of reasoning. and I do not think he desires aid in preparing

his letter."

"Did he catch many fish while on the island?" "Well, fishing is not good during the summer, but the General enjoyed his stay, and was quite refreshed when he departed. He was not ill when he came, although he had been shaking hands with thousands of people and making speeches to the many and enthusiastic delegations that called upon him." "Did you hear him say whether he thought he

sould carry Indianal" "No; but my impression is that he has no doubt about it. We never talked on the subject, because, as a matter of course, Indiana will go Republican. The General is not a nervous, excitable man, but has a calm exterior and a cool philosophical way of looking at things If he were defeated to-morrow I do not think it would make any change in his demeanor, because his mental equipoise is so great. The people of this country will find that he will make an excellent President and one the Repub-

Connecticut All Right.

lie will be proud of."

Governor Lounsberry. It can be carried with a good, safe Republican majority. I will not venture to say how much. I sm not one of the enthusiastic kind that make big claims. I prefer to be honest in my guesses. Indiana is more of a doubtful State than Conpectiout, but Indiana is all right. I think New York will give a majority of 50,000 for the Republicans. A month ago I made the prediction that every Northern State would go Republican. and I have no reason now to change my opinion. Connecticut, like Pennsylvania, is a manufacturing State. The people recognize the importance of the tariff, and they will vote for the party that fosters protection. No fears need be expressed about Connecticut. The Democrata will be greatly surprised after November if they bank much on that State.

How a Veteran Was Treated. Cleveland Leader.

A crippled soldier who has lost both arms and is employed by Congress was requested by a Democrat in authority over him to remove a Harrison and Morton badge that he carried on his coat. The implied alternative in case he refused was that he would lose his position. He had to comply. That night his insolent Demo-cratic "boss" was one of the principal speakers at a low ward political meeting. He wears a Cleveland and Thurman badge and does so unmolested. This is a good justance showing how the soldier employes of the government are treated by the copperheads and ex-rebels.

The Modern Hero.

Boston Transcript. An instance of heroism as great as any in the annals of war was that shown by the late Dr. Baldwin, of Jacksonville. None more than he knew of the coming of the pestilence, and none had a better knowledge of the danger to be run by remaining in the city. But ne decided to remain at his post, that he might do all that was possible with him for the relief of others. This is no new example of heroism. In every epidemie there have been physicians who have shown equal courage and devotion to duty. But the lesson that the incident teaches cannot be too frequently resterated.

ls Not Disturbed.

Pittsburg Chronicle Mrs. Benjamin Harrison is a woman who will be mistress of herself though china fall. The tramp of campaign visitors through her house has made a well-worn path across her carpets. but she looks at it with a serene and philosophical eye, and leses her temper not at all.

Afraid to Eat Pie.

Rochester Pemocrat. Grover Cleveland does not dare to eat pie in the evening. He is afraid he will dream of David

CLARA BELLE'S SUNDAY TALK

The Fashionable Girls Return to Town Bringing Their Trusty Chewing-Gum.

Fancy Steps Will Not Be Tolerated in This Winter's Waltzing-Maud Harrison Will Speedily Marry and Leave the Stage.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal. NEW YORK, Sept. 8 .- The town is being rapidly enlivened day after day by the return of fashionable people. Although very many wealthy families will remain at their rural homes until October, their members are making visits to the city, and there is, besides, a multitude of tourists here. Upper Broadway is once more thronged afternoons and evenings, the theaters are open again, the stores are filled by customers, and autumn liveliness has generally taken the place of summer deadness. The girls are bringing back from the country, along with the tan of exposure and the physical buoyancy of open-air exercise, various new and pretty tricks of dress and manner. While some of them adapt their costumes to city requirements of quietude, even for a transient visit, others come to us in the gay and picturesque attire of the seaside resort, and so there are flamboyant figures on the promenade. Raiment that looks appropriate when seen against a background of fields or ocean is startling when contrasted with brick or brown stone. This confuses an observer who tries to estimate the social status of a Broadway girl this week. Her costume does not tell whether she is an actress making a farewell parade before starting off on a winter tour, an heress just come in from the country for a day or two, or a blameworthy resident dressed on purpose to command attention.

The belles from the seashores and the mountains have brought a breeziness of manner, and a glow of health, in pitiful contrast with the fatigue of movement and the paller of exhausted vitality seen in those who have worked for a living all summer in town. But there is one thing common to both sorts of girls, and that is a violent recurrence of the gum disease. Chewers of wood are they, for I am informed by a chemist that most of the gum is made of flavored wood pulp, similar to that of which printing paper is made. As I rode in a horsecar this morning, four young women sat opposite. Two were shop-girls, one may have been a professional singer, for she carried a beavy roll of music, and the fourth was manifestly just returned from Newport or some other stylish resort. The quartet were all chewing gum. This appetite seems to increase with what it feeds upon, for a single one-cent section of gum no longer satisfies an habituated mouth, but four or five portions have to be chewed at once. The teeth of these operators could hardly manipulate, and their lips could no more than restrain, the enormous mouthfuls. Suddenly the car joited over something on the track. There were feminine exclamations thereat, but none from the Newport belle. She was silent, and yet more demonstrative than the others. Her face showed a pallor under its sunburn, the red of her lips blanched to white, and she clutched convulsivey at her throat. What was the matter! She had swallowed her cud. All summer she had chewed gum in the lazily swinging hammock, the smoothly rocking veranda chair, or under other conditions of quisscence. Therefore she was unprepared for the bump of the car, and her teeth lost their hold on the mouthful of gum. It slid down her throat, and we could watch, as she followed its progress with her frightened hands down her neck and bosom, the slow and dangerous route until the mass reached her stomach. Assuming that her gastronomic abilities were equal to the further requirements of the occasion, she had a narrow escape from suffocation, and I couldn't help thinking that the gum manufacturer who attaches safety strings to his gobs will possibly save lives and certainly increase his profits.

I am able to tell you definitely that the round dancing of the ensuing winter, as done by the swells of New York, will be quietly graceful, with enough action in it to avoid all resemblance to the performers of the comical dolls' quadrille, and yet quiet enough to be unlike the motions of the ballet. Every summer fanciful round dances are introduced at the watering places, and very pretty they are for the children. Grown up people are tempted to indulge in them. and they often do so nimbly and without awkwardness. The past season's specialty in this line was the York waltz, which differed from the plain waltz by introducing a sort of halt and kick in each revolution. Boys and girls generally did it in a pleasing and sightly manner. Men were almost invariably awkward at it. Some of the young women succeeded, and some failed, in their practice of the York, which was an adaptation of a ballet movement seen last winter at the terpsichorean interludes of opera at the Metropolitan. But there are three dancing-masters to whom Fifth-avenue people go every autumn for a little preliminary training, in order to be made ready for the winter dancing campaign. These expositors anqually agree upon a method of instruction, and they have decided that there shall be no toleration of fancy steps in the waltz for the coming season. This decision will be accepted by all the beaux and belles of New York swelldom, but of course the dancers of other cities may do

as they please about following this example. Readers of these letters may remember that, some months ago, I quoted a New York girl as saying of her then recent waltzing with the Prince of Wales, in London, that he was a happy medium between offishness and freedom in his treatment of a partner. She gave the details of her waltz with royalty, and they showed that she was not so flustered by the honor that she could not remember the particulars. I see that editor Labouchere, of the London Truth, member of Parliament and crony of the Prince, quotes my paragraph in his journal, and adds that Wales indorses it pleasurably. Well, the Prince has reason to be glad of a sensible American girl's approval. We may have sent some Daisy Millers abroad, but Londoners are beginning to find out that these are not representative specimens of American maidenhood. Yankee girls are a little daring, perhaps, but they are quick to perceive and recent impertinence of word or conduct.

Maud Harrison will become Mrs. James Carson, within a few days, by marrying a wealthy Chicago man. The announcement is a surprise to all who personally know the actress here, and who are aware of her long-time determination never to wed. Circumstances prevented the particular union which seemed so desirable to her, and she was understood to be unalterably wedded to dramatic art alone. You will never see her on the stage again, unless she changes her mind, which is now made up to retire into private life. There is a curious thing about this disappearance of a favorite actress. Fifteen years ago Miss Harrison was a Brookivn girl of about eighteen. She was the daughter of a widow who kept a fashionable boarding-house. She belonged to one of the ama-teur dramatic clubs that abound in Brooklyn, and one of her performances was seen by a man influential with theater managers. He thought that the girl would come to something good if she had a chance. and so be got her into the original Union-square Company, where she quickly pleased the audiences in comedy roles. From that time until the end of last season she bardly had a rival in gently humorous impersonations. But that kind of eminence did not satisfy her. She aspired to serious, emotional acting, and in her time she has played many parts of that kind, but she was not at her best in them, therefore had to keep on exciting laughter when she fain would have caused tears instead. That is the real reason why she quits the stage. A rich huband will make her independent of a theatrical salary, and so, as she can't be a tragedienne, she is able to cease being a comedienne. But that is not the singufar fact which I began to make known. The same man who discovered Maud Harrison fifteen years ago, and intraduced her to the public, recently came across a duplicate of her. Annie O'Neill at eighteen not only resembled Miss Harrison remarkably at that age, but had much of her natural voice, manner and disposition. She was a Brooklyn girl, too, and an actress in private theatricals. Her discoverer repeated exactly his process of putting her predecessor on the stage, and she made her debut at a Broadway theater on Monday night. It may be that Annie O'Neill had heightened the resemblance by imitation, but those who knew the members of the triumvirate were almost startled by the likeness between Maud and Annie. To the old timers it was like a set back to the first season of the Unionsquare, with Mand again a novice. And there is a well-defined romance underlying it all.

The king of the dudes has abdicated. We have not yet crowned his successor, and there

is going to be some difficulty about the coronation, because pretenders and aspirants are plenty. I saw E. Berry Wall, by chance, three times yesterday, breakfasting at Delmonico's in the morning, going to the Sheepshead Bay races in the afternoon, and at a theater in the evening. He positively wore the same suit of clothes from morn to midnight. That tells the story of his stepping down from the throne of dudedom. In his height of royalty he would have despised himself for failing to change his costume for each of the mentioned occasions. It is a woman, and a lovely one, who has wrought the astonishing change. When he got married, last winter, the thought of his acquaintances was that the bride would have to either share with him the doubtful bonor of sovereignty in dandyism, or else lead a lopesome life of her own. Nobody dreamt that she would even try to win him away from his tailors. Berry was proud of his position. He glorified in the title of King of Dudes, and the jests of the newspapers concerning him were the most delightful reading that he could find. A good-hearted, careless, sociable fellow, he knew no higher aim in life than to be a superbly dressed gentleman of leisure. But he has passed through the hot weather in last summer's clothes, without a valet, drinking and gambling very little, and as domestic a husband as could be found in a search of all New York. Mrs. Wall is the carefully educated daughter of a United States army officer, as bright as a but-ton on her father's uniform. Berry is infatuatedly in love with her. His devotion to her is complete, and she has by gentle insistance reformed him completely. I guess he will stay so, though of course I don't know. When he married suddenly and rather mysteriously in Baltimore, his wealthy and socially exclusive mother was displeased. The extravagance and folly of her son had led her and his brothers to practically out his acquaintance, and their inference was that the girl who would become his wife couldn't be worth recognition. But her refor-mation of Berry recommended her to their con-sideration, and just now she is a petted visitor at their town residence. How true it is that what we see and hear im-

presses us out of all proportion to its impor-

tance. A dog fight under your window interests

you more than a battle between armies on the other side of the globe. Mrs. Langtry is illustrating this truth. It is undoubtedly a fact that her principal reason for going to Europe was to follow and reclaim Frederic Gebhardt. He had sailed away a week before in a fit of jealousy and anger. So the Lily abandoned her projected visit to California, which he was to have shared wih her, and hurriedly took steamer for England. About the time that this paragraph gets into print she should be once more the company of her sweetheart. was to get soms London playwright to dramatize a case that had come under her notice at Long Branch. At the hotel which she frequented there was a husband and wife whom we will call Brown. They were from England, and were making a tour of America for recreation. The lady was an invalid, and she was accompanied by a purse in the person of a young and handsome woman whom we may name Marie. Mrs. Langtry had known the Browns slightly in her own country, and she renewed the acquaintance on coming across them at Long Branch. They were invited to the locally famous clambake which she gave at Pleasure bay, and on which occasion the attentions which she received from Porter Asche maddened Gebhardt until he threatened a personal attack upon his rival. Well, the sharp eyes and keen discernment of Mrs. Langtry were not diverted by her own antagonistic lovers from certain indications that there was trouble in the Brown family. She was puzzled a while as by a riddle, but at length she guessed it, and the solution was that the supposed nurse to Mrs. Brown was nothing less than Mr. Brown's sweetheart. In other words, Marie was a London adventuress with whom Brown had fallen in love, and who, in order to be with him, had accepted the partially menial position of attendant upon his There was uncertainty as to whether the invalid would recover, and her comfort, if net ber life, depended upon Marie's skill and care. The situation struck Mrs. Langtry as one of dramatic peculiarity. Suppose that Marie was slowly poisoning Mrs. Brown in order to clear the way to her own marriage to the prospective widowerf Or, imagine that Marie did not deliberately intend to become a murderess, but was distracted by the temptation to let her mistress die. In various ways the relationship of these three persons struck the actress as being suitable to put into a play. Of course any experienced novelist or dramatist easily devise a plot like that, but because it came directly under the atdeeply impressed by it. "If I can get a play written around the Browns," she said to a friend, on the day before her departure for England, "I am sure it would be a success. I have it pretty clearly outlined in my own mind, but I can't write it, and so I am going to lay it before one or another of the London professional playwrights. I want to be Marie. Would I impersonate a murderess? No, my scheme is to make the nurse wicked-not too wicked, but just wicked enough-and let her be powerfully provoked to let Mrs. Brown die of inattention. I wouldn't have her even contemplate poison, or any other method of murder-I would simple let her be confronted by the temptation to withhold remedies from the invalid, or something of that kind, so that the meditated crime should he a passive one. But I would finally save her from even that degree of guilt. Oh, it will be a great play if I can get it written out as I con-CLARA BELLE.

A CONTEST IN ANGLING.

How Mrs. Hayes and Jay Cooke Fished Against Each Other at Put-in-Bay.

PUT-IN-BAY, Sept. 8 .- The recent visit of Gen. Benjamin Harrison, the Republican presidential candidate, to this resort for rest and for the fishing there is here, recalls a visit that occurred about ten years ago. President Rutherford B. Hayes came to Put-in-Bay in 1878, accompanied by Mrs. Hayes, then the mistress of the White House. Mrs. Bayes was very fond fishing, and was decidedly an expert angler. She beasted a good deal of her piscatorial contests and victo-Jay Cooke, the Philadelphia banker and the well-known promoter of the Northern Pacific railroad was here then. He had a pretty cottage -one of the assets that he retained after his great failure in 1873. Jay Cooke is one of America's most famous anglers.

He has spent his summers for a quarter of a century with the reel and rod in all the best fishing waters of the land. Of late years Barnegat bay and Little Egg harbor, down on the Jersey coast, have been his favorite fishing grounds. Ten years ago, however, he divided ern waters.

the sport between New Jersey and these North-It was the proud boast of Jay Cooke that he had never been outfished by any angler he had encountered. He could sit on an easy chair at the stern of his yacht and pull in more members of the finny tribe between sunrise and sunset than any of his competitors. Some of his daily records are remarkable. It mattered not what the fish might be, or the kind of angling necessary to catch them, Jay was always equal to the emergency. Mrs. Hayes became very well acquainted with the Cooke family. She beard of Jay's proud record and promptly challenged the Philadelphian to an angline contest. Of course the ex-banker accepted. He could not do otherwise. The day was fixed and the deck of Mr. Cooke's handsome yacht was the scene of the encounter. The best spot for fish in the bay was selected. Soon after sunrise the struggle began.

Both the contestants were in dead earnest. The President's wife proved a foeman, or rather a foewoman, worthy of Ceeke's rod and skillful reel. Up to noon the battle was pretty even. Mrs. Haves landed the first fish and was promptly provided with a fresh line so that no time would be lost. Early in the afternoon Jay began to gain, and he soon saw that he could win with ease before the sun went down. But then it suddenly occurred to him that it would never do for him to win. In the first place, it would not be gallant, then it would be a compliment the administration to have the mistrees win. It would be a compliment for the banker to say that he had succumbed to the angling of the wife of the President of the United States. Jay's mind was suddenly made up. Not a muscle of his face moved after the decision. His basket had a plurality of the fish caught. Gradually the majority dwindled down, and as the last rays of old Sol crept over the water for the night, Mrs. Hayes found half a dozen more fish to her score than the Philadelphia fisher had. She had won and she was delighted. Jay appeared to be very much crestfallen. But there was a suppressed twinkle in his eye when he acknowledged his defeat.

And since then when Cooke tells the story, and he has told it frequently, there is a ripple of subdued mirth around the corners of his mouth. Only a very few of his bosom companions, howener, know why it was that Mrs. Hayes won that day.

To act on the liver, and cleanse the bowels, no mediciae equals Ayer's Cathartie Pills.

STILL TRUE TO THE OLD FLAG

No Doubt That Maine Will Give a Rousing Republican Majority on Monday.

Progress of the Campaign-Cranks Who Bother the Chairmen of the Big Committees-Warner Miller Making Friends.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal. NEW YORK, Sept 8 .- The battle of the ballots will be fought in Maine on Wednesday next. The State of Blaine will be found loyal to the Republican party. It is only a question of majority. From the news received by the Republican national committee there is no doubt the figures will be over 10,000, and some zealous workers in the Pine Tree State have written on that they expect at least 20,000. It has been a hard figit. The Democratic organization was never so thorough and complete, but the State is so overwhelmingly Republican that the work has been of a very discouraging character. Great interest attaches to the election of a legislature, because its members are to choose a United States Senator. Senator Frye's term expires, and no one doubts he will be his own successor. The four Congressmen from Maine are Republicans. Tom Reed is the only man who has really had to fight for his political life. His plurality last year was only 1,300, and the Republican leader of the House has had to fight hard. There is no doubt that he will be successful. One feature of the Maine canvass is the number of free-frade deserters who have rushed into the Republican camp.



RUIN IN ITS TRACK. The members of the national committees of both parties are working with a vim and dash born of a determination to win. The end of the week finds the situation practically unchanged. The campaign liar, who has appeared much earlier than usual this year, is so busy at the various political headquarters that it is bard to get really reliable news. It seems to be a question whether the Democratic or Republican committee has the best liar, for some really startling, but not true, news has reached the public. From all the information at hand, the impression prevails that Harrison is still leading Cleveland. Even the Democrats admit this, but they say in explanation that they haven't begun to work yet, and shall not do much until after the State convention, which is to meet in Buffalo Sept 12 to nominate a Governor. The information received at Republican headquarters is certainly of a most cheering character. The free-trade theories are carrying Cleveland and his Democratic crew far out to sea, and even Democrats admit that the free-trade cry is doing Cleveland great harm. Both sides have made a poll of New York State and Indiana, but such a poll is of little value. The reports received have been very discouraging to the Democrats and highly gratifying to the Republicans. The poll was made on the basis of the presidential vote of four years ago. Four years is a long time, and the conditions of this State have changed greatly since then. Thousands of young men will cast their maiden vote, and thousands of new residents will cast their first ballot this year. Nor these and other reasons a poll of the State by either party is practically of little value, but the campaign liar is making the most of it, and in his own original and unique way he is piling up fabrications that would have made Ananias blush for his protession. The campaign liar is not the only person who is having a large time these days. The political striker or fasir is also having his innings. Not a day passes that the rooms of both headquarters are not invaded by these gentry. One day last week Chairman Quay thought he would give all the strikers a chance. One ragged fellow from the Sixth ward said he was president of an association that would help swell Harrison's vote to a majority of 50,000. He needed only \$100 to "see" the boys with. He got nothing, and as he sadly left the room his place was taken by a watery-eyed fellow who wanted to sell a canary bird that could sing balf a dozen songs. The bird was a mascot, but Mr. Quay wouldn't take it, even though the price was only \$5. A little old woman with a frayed dress and squeaky voice wanted to sing campaign songs for \$10 a night. She was permitted to escape with her life. A bare-footed boy wanted to sell a genuine Tippecanoe medal for \$2. A half dozen country editors wanted to borrow money, and one old fellow, who carried a dilapidated umbrella, wanted employment at | in it. per week to write ca it went on for an hour. These same individuals, not the least disheartened, went over to see Mesers. Calvin S. Brice and Barnum, and tried the same dodge on them. Mr. Brice has his share of visitors, too, among the number yesterday being a man who wanted to give him a coalblack kitten that he has named Grover Cleveland, and which is said to possess unusual intelligence.

THE NEW YORK CAMPAIGN. Ex-Senator Warner Mfiler has begun his campaign for the governorship in dead earnest. He

is a man of pronounced personality and makes friends wherever he goes. Governor Hill will unquestionably be renominated by the Democrats. Not all of Mr. Cleveland's friends are satisfied because he has notified the little bosses that Hill is to be renominated. Mayor Hewitt has the gubernatorial bee in his bonnet, and Roswell P. Flower also wants the prize. Flower is willing to write his name to checks for hours if he is nominated, and boss Hugh McLaughlin would like to get the Mayor of Brooklyn, Alfred C. Chapin, out of his way by having him nom-insted for the high office. But Hill holds the lever of the Democratic engine, and emiles a big, entivating smile as he watches the efforts of the plotters who would ruin him and drag him down. There are some indications of a row in the coming convention, but no man of sense doubts that Hill will triumph. He will find, too, that Miller has not been idle, and he will need all the money that the big breweries can put up. It is said that Hill's friends will raise an enormous corruption fund to help elect him. Hill will make a thorough canvass of the State, but he will confine his speech-making mostly to the big cities, while Warner Miller will lift up his voice for protection to American industries and against the saloon in all sections of the State. It may be mentioned in passing that the leaders of both parties have put their pluralities at the same figure. Mr. Quay says Harrison, Mor-

ton and Miller will sweep the State by at least 25,000 votes, and Mr. Brice says Cleveland, Thurman and Hill will have exactly the same figure as Mr. Quay claims.

And in the meantime toe battle goes on merrily, and the men who were so anxious a few weeks ago to bet are painfully silent. It is estimated that several million dollars have been wagered on the result of the election in the leading cities of the United States.

Democratic politics in New York city have always been picturesque since the days when the volunteer firemen were a big power, and made and unmade political leaders. It is doubtful if the panorama of local Democratic politics ever showed such shifting scenes as are now presented to the privileged ones by the bosses in Tammany Hall and the County Democracy. The liquor-sellers, in point of influence, have taken the place of the volunteer firemen of old, and leaders have sprung up to imitate or improve upon the political tactics of Tweed, Genet, Garvey and Ingersoll; and they do it successfully at times, without any of the brazen methods of the past, which in these times might meet with swift defeat. The mayoralty stakes,

nomination for that office there is now centering a contest that will make the politics of the town red-hot long before election day. Tammany Hall is playing for absolute domina-tion, and the County Democracy is about to engage in a fight for future successful political existence. The caution that Tammany's leaders are displaying is not caused by any fear of defeat at the hands of the County Democracy, but from a wholesome dread that in a fair triangular fight Harrison and Morton will sweep the Republican local ticket into power. The Hon. James G. Blaine polled 90,000 votes in this city four years ago. This strength, and the natural political increase caused by new voters and the logical increase because of the tariff issue, will, in the estimation of shrewd Democrats, give General Harrison 100,000 votes. If the Republican local ticket should obtain 85 per cent, of this vote-a by no means excessive estimatethe next Mayor of the city would be a Republican, figuring on the basis of 140,000 Demo-eratic votes and a close vote between Tammany and the County Democrats on their local ticket. And it would not have to be close between the Democratic factions and yet achieve this result, assuming Tammany to poll 80,000 votes and the County Democracy 60,000. The Tammany leaders have been looking at the issue in this way. They would prefer to go it alone and achieve victory, but they would also prefer a union ticket to defeat at the bands of the Republicans. The next Mayor of New York will have enormous political patronage, and Tammany has looked earsfully ahead before coming to the conclusion to make a fight alone. This conclusion, however, has been reached, the candidates for local offices have been practically successful, and only interference on the part of President Cleveland and Governor Hill can now prevent two Democratic tickets from being nominated. This interference is unlikely. President Cleveland and Governor Hill have selfish ends in view. They know that a fight between the local factions will bring out an enormous vote and give them the only chance they have for success in the State by obtaining a big majority in the city.

A careful estimate by Tammany leaders places the vote that will be east in this city at 250,000. which is 10,000 in excess of the figures printed above, and in the local fight the Tammany men now believe that with their amended programme they will poll 100,000 votes at least, leaving the remainder to be divided in the measure of a trifle less than three-fifths to the Republicans and a trifle more than two-fifths to the County Democrats. The Tammany Hall nomines, unless in the event of the total surrender of the County Democracy, will be either Hugh J. Grant or J. Edward Simmons, with the chances largely in favor of the latter. If Mr. Simmons is pominated he will be indorsed by the new Purroy organization, as he is decidely opposed to ex-Mayor Grace-one thing the Purroy crowd like. If the Tammany and Purroy Democrats unite, like. If the as it is now on the cards for them to do, Simmone's nomination will be the basis. Tammany will renominate James A. Flack for county clerk, and give the Purroy people the sheriff and one of the three coroners to be nominated. This deal will include a bargain by which a fair proportion of the Mayor's patronage will go to the Purroy people. This would mean among other things the reappointment of Purroy as fire commissioner and Andrew J. White as police justice, if he does not obtain the combination nomination for sheriff. At present the desire is to nominate a man with a strong Irish name for sheriff. Mr. Simmons will represent the Americen idea, Mr. Flack for county clerk will represent the German-American element, and the good Irish name will grace the shrievality end of the programme. It is probable that a German and perhaps a popular Hebrew will be named for coroners.

There is apparently unquestionable authority for the statement that Mr. Simmons recently informed the directors of the Fourth National Bank, of which he is president, that he could have the nomination for the mavoralty from Tammany Hall and an indersement from another organization, and asked if it would be agreeable for him to retain his connection with the bank in the event of his nomination and election. The directors, it is said, voted that it would. This information from an authoritative source was corroborated by a Tammany leader who is supposed to have a hand in the present fight for power. Tammany would not touch Mr. Simmons during the last two mayoralty elections, but now it is believed that his peculiar strength would be of great value, especially if Mayor Hewitt should be the other Democratic candidate. Mr. Simmons is at the top notch of popularity and power in the Masonic fraternity and would be less vulnerable than any other Democrat if Mayor Hewitt should make his campaign on the line of his official utterances that the city should be governed by Americans for Americans, and for all other good citizens so long as the American idea was not made to play second part to the dictation of any clique of foreign-born citizens.

With the partisan flavor taken from the statements of the Tammany leaders, many of them fear Republican local success because of the strength of the national ticket. Mr. Edward Mitchell is the gentleman most talked of as the Republican candidate for Mayor, and Coroner Nugent's name is mentioned for sheriff. The Tammany men, however, are shuffling their cards well. They are adept at all political games, and when they have nominated their trusty friend Mr. Hill at Buffalo next week they will come back ready to spring their local ticket on the town and begin one of the most interesting political fights the metropolis has known.

A TIMELY SUGGESTION.

A Democratic Organ Thinks Thurman Should Retire from the Telephone Cases. New York Sun.

This is the proper time to say something which must be said, sooner or later, and which had better be said by friend than by foe. Before the canvass closes in November, the Garland Pan-electric telephone suit will come up again before the United States Supreme Court at Washington. The hearing will probably occur in the early part of October. This wretched, hopeless, and scandal-laden case, which all good Democrats would be glad now to see buried forever in the deepest hole of oblivion, will once again occupy public attention for a brief time.

The almost ceatain fate of the telephone suit has been clearly indicated by previous decisions of the Supreme Court. No well-informed person now doubts that the ultimate result will be disaster, mortification, humiliation for those who inaugurated it and who have been engaged

Thurman is one of the special retained by the Department of Justice in this case. We understand that he intends to be present in his professional capacity at the hearing in Washington next month, and that he is already engaged in preparing his brief. No other course of action could be expected of so henerable a lawyer, so conscientious a counsel, and so loyal an advocate as Judge

Thurman. When he accepted a retainer from Mr. Garland's Department of Justice he was a private citizen, employed in the practice of law. In undertaking the case he did nothing against which there can be a word or a thought of eriticism.

Nevertheless, he should be released, and the initiative toward his release should be taken by others, and, in a manner shaped with especial consideration for Judge Thurman's delicate sense of professional honor.

Circumstances have changed since Judge Thurman was retained in the telephone case. Although he holds no public office yet, he can no longer be regarded as a private citizen engaged in the practice of the law. He is in the largest sense the representative of the United Democracy of the United States of America. While none of the responsibility for the Garland telephone adventure rests upon his shoulders, and none of the odium of the case can in any event fall to his share, his appearance in court as an assistant at the closing scenes of the scandalous process would be in many respects unfortunate.

There is no occasion for it. The list of special counsel is large enough without Judge Thurman, the Democracy's bonored and beloved candidate for Vice-president. If there are not special counsel enough, let the Attorney-general himself go into court and openly assume at the end of the litigation the burden of the responsibility which he evaded at the beginning. There is scarcely anything else that he can do to better his position before the country.

We commend these suggestions to those persons in whose power it is to arrange the matter for the best interests of the Democratic party. It can be done without the slightest wound to Judge Thurman's high ideal of professional loyalty, but he himself will never take the first

Republicans and Temperace.

Minneapolis Tribuge. The Republican party is the party of temperance, as it is of all right doing. If it has to its ranks a leader or a private soldier who is afraid to advocate as inexpedient what his own inner consciousness tells him is for the best interests of the whole people, then he is reactionary and training in the ranks of the wrong party. The national party has expressed itself as the champion of the home against the bar-room, and when our State convention shall have expressed the same sentiment in language not to be misunderstood, it has taken into partnership the conscience of every good man and pure woman in the North Star State, and will deserve the triumphant victory it is sure to achieve at the polls next November. Let there be no listening to time-servers, traffickers and truckiers. The Republican party of Minneaota is a temperance party trying the experiment of high license; but in the eyes of local politicians, is a bigger armed for more aggressive warfare if for prize than the Presidency, and around the necessary to drive the saloon from political armed for more aggressive warfare if found